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# GRANDFATHER'S HAT.

My grandfather's hat was too large for his head,  
So he wore it but once a year,  
It was the worst six by far that you ever saw,  
And covered the old man's head and ears;  
It was bought on the morn of the Seventeenth of March,  
It was always his treasure and pride,  
But he stopped short never to wear it again,  
When crushed with a brick in the side.

On Paddy's day somebody bounced it,  
With a brick, with a brick,  
And the sight of his hat made him sick,  
Made him sick, very sick,  
But he stopped short never to wear it again,  
When crushed with a brick in the side.

He had that hat stuffed and hung on the wall,  
In a place he had stood when a boy,  
Every Seventeenth of March that hat seemed to know  
And share his sorrows and joy;  
It fell to the floor when he entered at the door,  
With his skin chock full of bad rum;  
But he had it ironed up and wore it again,  
When for Mayor of this town he did run.

On Election day somebody slugged it,  
With a brick, with a brick,  
And he didn't get elected,  
That made him sick, very sick,  
But he stopped short never to wear it again;  
When crushed with a brick in the side.

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